

at the time and promptly at the appointed hour the crowd at the door commenced to wane and finally opened sufficiently to admit two couple dressed in regulation wedding attire who advanced to the music of Lohngen's Wedding March, rendered by Miss Fanny Hankey. Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Millersburg, came first followed by Mr. Herbert Miller of Omaha, with our much beloved organist, Miss Minnie J. Dunton. Mr. and Mrs. Adams advanced to the foot of the rostrum, separated and gave room for Mr. Miller and Miss Dunton to stand between them, immediately in front of the altar where the Rev. Louie Gillon performed the ceremony which bound them in the holy bonds of matrimony until death do them part. After congratulations by the Rev. Gillon they quietly withdrew to the home of the bride's parents to receive the congratulations and greetings of many friends and relatives until 10:30 when they took their departure to the groom's home in Omaha, Neb. These occasions are always predated by pain as well as pleasure at this time; the grief of the parents at the taking away of their last nestling seemed to extend through the whole congregation. To say that we shall miss this dear sister is but a poor expression of our feeling and we hardly know how we shall be able to fill the place that she has occupied. Hearty expressions of love and wishes for a long, happy and prosperous life follow her from the hearts of every member of the Brethren congregation.

Farewell,
MRS. D. BYERS.

FROM CONEMAUGH.

DEAR EVANGELIST:—Our love feast of Oct. 21st, 1894, at Conemaugh, is a thing of the past. The membership was well represented. It was a very enjoyable meeting and refreshing to the soul. Since our last communion service one of our number has crossed the river, but our loss is her gain. In the evening just before this hallowed service it was my happy privilege to lead a precious soul down into the Conemaugh river and bury the same with Christ in baptism and at the close of the service an invitation was given and another soul stood up for Christ, who will be baptized in the near future, and we believe there are others that will soon take up the cross of our Master and walk in the way of life.

May God abundantly bless his dear children and every effort made for the advancement of his cause.

J. F. KOONTZ.

Conemaugh, Pa., Oct. 22nd, 1894.

COMMUNION NOTICE.

Communion services will be held at Milford, Ind., Nov. 15th, 1894. Bro Summers is expected to be present. A general invitation is extended.

The Brethren of Trosa, Indiana, will hold their fall communion on

Monday evening, Nov. 5th. A general invitation to neighboring churches is extended. Come and be with us.

D. A. HOPKINS, Pastor.

DEAR BROTHER:—The church here at Metcalf is in love and union and we expect to hold our fall communion, Nov. 17th, 1894. All in like faith are invited to be with us. My post for '95 will be Waynesville, Mo., in place of Vine, Ohio, as before.

REV. M. D. ROBERTS, Eld.
WAYNESVILLE, Mo., Oct. 22nd, 1894.

BOOK AND TRACT DEPARTMENT.

ORGANIZE THE LITTLES.

While preaching in Lanark, Ill., I found the autobiography of John Lemley, the founder of *The Golden Censer*. The following page I copied for readers of these columns. I believe if we fully appreciated the little things and would organize them for the Master's use much more good would be done, and I would emphasize this in connection with the tract work. Only recently a small tract on baptism set a preacher on fire. Read the following lines.

The little dropping, insensibly wears the solid rock that laughs at the storm and defies the surges of the sea. Achan's wedge of gold was a little thing, but it led to vast results. The two mites of the poor widow were a little sum, but, measured by their motive, they were perhaps the largest contribution ever made to Christian charity. The colors in Joseph's coat were little things but his reigning over Egypt was not. The Ark of bulrushes was a little thing, but the giving of the moral law was not: leading the Israelites from bondage to Canaan was not. There is power in littles.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;

Small sands the mountains make, atoms the world,

Moments make the year, and trifles time, and this eternity.

A tract, if no more, it may be, than two leaves from the hand of a servant girl, perhaps, led to the conversion of no less than Richard Baxter. He awoke to a world of usefulness. Among the library of books he wrote was the "Call to the Unconverted." It fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge. It led him to Christ. Doddridge too, awoke to a world of usefulness. His "Rise and Progress" was the means of the awakening of William Wilberforce. A look of his writing led to the salvation of Leigh Richmond. He wrote the "Dairy Man's Daughter," that fell upon the world like a leaf from heaven. Hundreds have been brought to Christ by that one sweet tract. Is there no power in littles? Whoever wants to do wonders in this world, forgets or never knew how God does his wonders, how he made the world and the great waters, by the doing of a well nigh infinite number of little

things; and how he empowers us to do little things; to wit, by doing little things always and well. He who wants to do wonders in this world, in any other way than by doing little duties well, will have to bewail at last a life lost, a soul lost, eternity lost.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in Arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the strains upon life's deceitful current that show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather, the real heroism of life is, do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

Spurgeon tells of a man who was handed a tract; he crumpled it up, put it in his gun and shot at a mark. A woman picked up a piece of the burnt paper and read enough to start her thinking, and she was led to Christ. A switch is not a very large affair, and yet it can turn the train in a new direction; so with a tract. Those who scatter them are doing more than they think, and providing capital for the future. This being true of a tract, what good when a whole library of tracts are put in a home in the shape of a Bible—inspired tracts, and what better edition can you use for general use than the Holman Teacher's Bible. In selling them I will give you the benefit of my experience in the book work. You and the buyer will have the good, and God the glory.

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

PARAGRAPHS.

BY B. C. MOOMAW.

The preacher who "spreads himself" in the pulpit is giving his congregation awfully thin diet. Spurgeon the prince of modern preachers was earnestly opposed to what is popularly called pulpit eloquence. He would say to the students in his ministers' training school, "A new commandment I give unto you, 'Do not perorate.'" Preach Christ, brother, and do not be overmuch concerned about "excellency of speech."

How beautiful is Autumn when the Summer heat gives place to balmy, cool breezes, when the forest flames out in all the gorgeous colors of the declining year, and the calm glory of the sun out of the deep blue sky bestows a richer luxury and fullness of life. They say that Autumn is the melancholy season of the year. To us it is the season of inspiration. There is nothing melancholy about the end of a fruitful year, or a fruitful life, where rest comes well earned. No, it is the season of glory.

It is the fruition. It is the coming of a larger life, like the coming out of the infinite stars which our terrestrial night alone reveals.

Do not proselyte. The members of every communion where Christ is held up are either Christians or not Christians. If they are not, simply a change of external forms, or of an external communion, will not make them Christians. If they are, perhaps they will not be made any better, perhaps they may suffer loss, by the excitement and distraction of the outward change. The Gospel plan is the better. "Let every one be persuaded in his own mind,"—internally persuaded, not externally. Persuaded by a growing inward conviction rather than by a persistent outward solicitation; and let the very essence, sum, substance, beginning and end of that persuasion be that they are following Christ and not some man.

"Judge not that ye be not judged." For why should you set at nought your brother? Or why should you judge another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. The man you judge has a different set of defects to your own, and he is probably making a much more heroic effort than you are to overcome them. Indeed that very exhibition of his weakness which excited your cynical criticism was itself the most conclusive evidence that he was putting forth a tremendous effort to eradicate it. Sweeping a room makes the dust a great deal worse for that particular time being. In the end your brother's may be found cleaner than yours when the Master opens the door.

Never shall I forget my first view of the ocean. The sense of power, of sublimity, of the presence of the Supernatural overwhelmed me. I stood in long contemplation trying to grasp the idea of that Infinity, whose majestic symbol stretched from my feet to the far distant horizon, and on beyond it to the shore of other worlds. How is it possible, said I, for man to be selfish and narrow any more after he has looked upon the solemn majesty, the eternal ebb and flow, the limitless expanse of the great deep.

And yet God measured it in the hollow of his hand.

How great God is

"God only is great," said Massillon as he gazed upon the assembly of princes and nobles which surrounded the bier of Louis XIV, the Grand Monarque, lying there dead, his glory departed. When we come to step off of this little world into the infinite largeness of the eternal world, we will perhaps realize how inconceivably small, how despicably narrow were our temporal thoughts, purposes and prejudices. Let us enter into God's largeness of thought, and magnanimity of love. Let us stand in the presence of the infinite ocean of His life, and grow into that largeness of soul which shall befit all those who will stand by and by in His presence, and behold His glory.